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stories are of Whistler getting the better in a contest of wits; this one shows him overwhelmed. Mortimer Mempes took "the master" to see a cranky old lady of his acquaintance but warned him to be careful: "O," said James the magnificent in his airy, butterfly way, "when she sees the Master she will be silent." Whistler was presented:

"Is *this* the master?" she said, in a voice that made me creep.

"Yes," I somewhat quaveringly replied.

"Oh!" she said, "there's some mistake here; this surely isn't, it simply *can't* be the master—the master of whom I have heard for so many years! *This!* Why, the very idea is preposterous!"

Whistler was furious. "Madam!" he screamed.

"Silence!" thundered the old lady. "Jane, the wind is in the east." Jane stepped forward and fixed the arrow in the direction indicated. "And when the wind's in the east, Mr. Whistler, that means silence."

"But, madam, this is simply——"

But he got no farther. Black with passion, our old hostess screamed out:

"Jane, the wind's northeast!" Again Jane fixed the arrow as requested. "And when the wind's in the northeast it means the interview is at an end."

"This is outrage, madam, an outrage to the master," whimpered the crushed and broken artist.

"Give me your arm, Jane," said the old lady, "and I will go out east by nor'-nor'-east," she added, as, assisted by the maid and the butler, she made her slow progress from the room, carefully facing E.N.N.E., although her doing so involved an extremely uncomfortable crooked and tortuous and crab-like motion and attitude of body.

Whistler, too amazed to speak, and indeed too frightened, whispered to me:

"I suppose we go out east, too."

The sharp-eared old lady overheard him.

"You can please yourself, Mr. Whistler; you can go out north or south or east or west or all four together if you wish. I pray you stand not on the order of your going, so long as you go. Ha-ha!" she cried, in the accents of transpontine melodrama. "Ha-ha! the master has met with his Waterloo!"

Whistler said one word only as we found ourselves in the windy street, and one only, "Amazing!"

The question naturally comes to one: did Mortimer Mempes, weary of the "ragging" he got from his master, arrange this little scene beforehand with his eccentric "ladifren"? It looks that way—or else it's an anodyne like some of Jimmy's own.

DUTCH vs. ITALIAN PICTURES

Insistence on the humbleness of the Holy Family hardly tallied with the Christianity of the Renaissance or even with the psychology of the poor believer, who loves to dress up his gods as Magnificent Ones, for whom to adore is to adorn. Aristocracy is the note of Italian painting—the Holy Family takes formal precedence, but the Colonnas and the Medicis rank their families no less select. The outflowing of Dutch art was like the change from the airless Latin of the scholars to the blowy idioms with which real European literature began. Italian art expressed dignity, beauty, religion; Dutch art went back to life to find all these in life itself. It was the efflorescence of triumphant democracy of the Dutch Republic, surgent from the waves of Spain and Catholicism as indomitably as she had risen from the North Sea. Hence this sturdy satisfaction with reality. Rembrandt painted with equal hand ribs of beef and ribs of men. The Low Countries invented the fruit and flower-piece and the fish and game-piece. That Low Art hails from the nether lands is not a mere coincidence. Holland was less a country than a

piece of the bed of the sea to which men stuck like limpets. * * * * And so, never has earthiness found more joyous expression than in his pictures. What gay content with the colors of clothes and the shafts of sunshine and the ripe forms of women and the hues of meats and fishes! O the joy of skating on the frozen canals! O the jolly revels in village taverns! Hail the ecstasy of the Kermesse! "How good is man's life, the mere living." "It is a pleasant thing to have beheld the sun." These are the notes of Dutch art, which is like a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things. * * * * Even in the Dutch and Flemish images of doom I have thought to detect a note of earth-laughter, almost an irresponsible gaiety. *Israel Zangwill in "Italian Fantasies": Macmillan, 1910.*

"ART AND CITIZENSHIP"

Ian B. Stoughton Holborn of Merton College, Oxford University, begins in this number a series of articles on "Art and Citizenship" which we think readers will follow with pleasure and profit. Mr. Holborn is the author of "The Need for Art in Life," "Art and Beauty," "Architectures of European Religions," "Children of Fancy," a volume of poems, etc. Besides, he has lectured extensively in England and in this country with success.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—GREETING:

Most gratifying are the daily letters from subscribers who write to tell us of the coming into their home life of THE ART WORLD. Naturally it is not possible to reply to each and every one, much as we would like to do so. But we send this greeting, assuring them of our entire sympathy and our desire to keep in close touch with them as friend with friend.

We appreciate heartily every letter that comes to us discussing our work in the world, and, whether in kindly criticism or friendly commendation they speak, we want them to know that each letter is a stimulus and uplift.

Write us therefore, most honored subscribers, frankly and intimately, whenever you are pleased to so remember us. Tell us if you think we can make THE ART WORLD more helpful in the home and more inspiring in its text and illustrations; we want your suggestions.

The occasional reader, too, into whose hands THE ART WORLD may now and then fall, might also take the trouble, so we hope, to let us hear from him or her; for we crave advice; this magazine is a human document bearing a message which we trust may bring its own welcome.

THE EDITORS

NEW SNEDECOR GALLERIES

One of the oldest galleries for the sale of paintings in New York is the Snedecor founded by John Snedecor in 1852 at 749 Broadway. Continued by his son Charles Edward who died recently, it has changed its place once more under his successor E. C. Babcock. The Snedecor Galleries now occupy a house arranged for them, No. 19 East 49th Street, where a very attractive exhibition of American and Dutch pictures has been installed. There is a marvelous little "Macbeth and the Witches" by Albert

Ryder, the fine "Burning Brush" by George Inness, formerly in the Harsen Rhodes collection, three examples each of Homer D. Martin, R. A. Blakelock and Francis Murphy, interiors by Blommers and Neuhuys, pictures by George Fuller, Wyant, Winslow Homer and other painters alive or passed away. The Snedecor, or, as it will be called, the Babcock Galleries, have always made American canvases their specialty and will continue to do so in their well-designed and well-lighted quarters near Madison Avenue.

MATTHEW MARIS

One of the most talented members of the little band of Hollandish painters who succeeded immediately to the French school that is loosely characterized as the Barbizon artists has died very recently. There were three brothers Maris of which Jakob perhaps was the ablest; but Matthew, who has just died, was a close second. Least interesting of the trio was William, whose pasture and cattle-pieces fetch excellent prices. It was Matthew, however, who in old age developed eccentricity and finally made it almost impossible to get any of his pictures out of his hands, no matter how tempting the offer.

The late Daniel Cottier was the chief agent in making the landscapes and figure-pieces of the Maris brothers known in America, for he brought their works over when there was as yet no demand for them whatever, and gallantly advocated their merit in the face of the crushing competition of Millets, Dupr s, Rousseaus, Diazes, Corots and other French painters in his own galleries. Like his brother Jakob the deceased was classed among the poetic "tonal" painters who took their subjects from land and sea, country and town, ocean and sky without a sign of preference, their object being not the reproduction of picturesque places or living things but the rendering of subtle differences in tone produced by changes of light and variations in atmosphere. While Jakob and William stuck to the Netherlands, Matthew gradually forsook his own land for England and passed the greater part of his life in London. He found that section of Great Britain interesting enough, as Constable, Turner and Whistler did; but, unfortunately for him and the world, some years ago he became a hypochondriac and hermit, finally ceasing to do anything at all while imagining that he was at work on the great *opus* of his life. In this frame of mind he developed crotchets, refused to see his friends, hated to hear of offers for his pictures and, so it is said, destroyed great numbers of them because they no longer met his exalted standards. Particularly bitter over the infatuation of buyers for established names, instead of studying pictures and buying according to their power in moving the beholder, irrespective of cost, title and maker, he refused to sign his own pictures and wished to forego the advantage that the name of Maris gave them. A Quixotic attempt, with which, however, many an artist will sympathize.

Matthew Maris's pictures, figures and landscapes, town and seascapes are often very broadly, sketchily painted and at first this quality rebuffed people because they look unfinished, as if the painter had exhausted himself at an early stage. If this were not strictly true, it is a fact that Maris felt, a canvas brought to a certain point was quite enough carried out to be understood by the special art-lovers for whom he painted or whom he was willing to tolerate as an audience. In

this he foreshadowed the latest men who boldly scorn the public which can not understand their post-impressions, cubistry and futuristries. He painted figure pieces in greater number than Jakob, and for Daniel Cottier at one time designs for stained glass windows and leather screens. He was a cosmopolite, born at The Hague, brought up in France where he served in the army during the siege of Paris and in later life became a Londoner. As Holland has known how to honor such contemporaries as Israels and Jakob Maris, so that country will be certain to give Matthew his due.

SOME ART PLUNDER TRACED

Lovers of art have been wondering what will be the fate of the art-works in cities of Belgium and France despoiled by the Germans; whether they will be shipped to places out of the way of bombardment or delivered over to the vandalism that precedes evacuation of towns occupied in the war. According to *Ueber Land und Meer* some antique objects have been saved from St. Quentin by boxing them up and sending them to Maubeuge. The Lecuyer collection of pictures and figurines, the Fervaques and other collections of books and art-works as well as a portion of the old glass in the apse of the cathedral are now in Maubeuge—if it has not been considered safer to remove them again to Berlin. Certain portraits by La Tour, the famous painter in pastels under the last of the Louis, were carried off. St. Quentin was the birthplace of La Tour who presented the town with four score portraits, including one of Chardin, the painter so greatly praised by Diderot, of Peronneau, of Marc-Ren  Marquis d'Argenson, of Prince Xavier of Saxony and others.

At Maubeuge the old inn "At the Poor Devil's" was commandeered and a Berlin architect named Keller was ordered to enlarge and adapt it to an art museum. To Lieutenant von Hadeln was given the task of selecting from the spoils of St. Quentin, Coucy, Laon, Noyon and P ronne the equipment of the renovated building. What particular treasures were transferred at once to Berlin may appear later; at present the objects shown at Maubeuge include the above-mentioned and a lot of busts, fonts and carvings in relief from churches and cathedrals. A statue of St. Quintinus and two ancient painted likenesses of the same beatified martyr came from the cathedral of that city. Paintings by Joseph Vernet, another prime favorite with Diderot, came from Valenciennes. A marble of Napoleon by Canova, the "Spinner" by Langlet and many tapestries, Old Flemish and Gobelins, are mentioned, which include a series of three showing the life of John the Baptist and another with the "Story of Tobias and Tobit." A baptismal font is part of the loot from the parochial school in Vermand. The article in *Ueber Land und Meer* is so written that the reader is allowed to admire the altruism of the Germans in saving these things from the dangers of bombardment and the devastations of French and British spoliators. Incidentally it is meant to give the German soldiers recreation and mental refreshment between the seasons of toil in the trenches. The real purpose appears to cynical persons a rather elaborate *camouflage* whereby the exhibition of a certain number of stolen art-works modern and antique will divert inquiry as to the whereabouts of objects of the first rank which are not there but elsewhere.